

There is anguish in our household,
And 'tis desolate and lone,
For our cherished little darling
To a brighter home has gone.

Her little form is missing,
And her heart has ceased to beat,
And "the chain of love lies broken
At the grim destroyer's feet."

Must we remove the empty crib,
And her clothing put away?
And her bell and rattle-box
With her choicest treasures lay?

Oh! we think of our little darling,
Not in her cradle bed,
Not in the distant graveyard
Where sleep the mouldering dead.

We think of her an angel child,
White-robed and pure above,
Safe folded in the Savior's arms,
Glad in his tender love.

Yes, we'll lay aside her playthings,
Met with our falling tears,
Yet we shall miss our darling
All the weary, coming years.

Yes, we'll weep but with rejoicing,
For a precious gem we've given,
And we behold its glorious setting
In the diadem of heaven.

And angels whisper that our darling
In realms and climes so fair,
And her "little feet stand waiting,
Just above the golden stair."

Waiting for father, mother, brother,
Coming on through weary years
To meet her where there is no more parting,
Where God wipes away all tears.

Mexico, April 30, 1875.

SOME ONE IN THE ROOM.

Elijah Croly, my husband, was owner and captain of a coasting-vessel, doing a good trade; and we occupied an old-fashioned and somewhat dreary house at Stepney. Elijah liked the place more than I did, and it was on his account that we stayed there so long. I thought it could make very little difference to him where we lived, for he was at home only two or three weeks out of every ten. I was often alone for two months at a time; and lonely enough it was sometimes.

"Get some one whom you like to stay with you, my dear," the captain said, when I told him one day how unpleasantly I felt to be alone so much. "Get any one you please, and before long I hope I shall be able to stay at home with you myself." I took his advice, and after some inquiry I found a woman whom I thought would suit me. Her name was Emily Sands, and she was a pleasant-faced woman of about forty. She told me that she had been left a widow, with no means, and had since earned her living by needle-work; and although I had intended that the woman who came every morning to do my housework should still come, I found Emily so handy and so willing that I soon discontinued the services of the other. She was so amiable and so vivacious, that I was satisfied that I had done the best that I could do in the matter.

"I hope so," he said, doubtfully.

"And don't you think so?" I asked.

"Well, no," he replied.

"Now, I'd like to know why, Elijah. Do you see anything wrong about her?"

"I can't say that I do; I presume it is only a notion; but I have in some way conceived a kind of distrust of her face. I can't explain it, and you had better not be prejudiced by it."

"You may be very sure I shall not," I rejoined, "if it has no more foundation than this."

And this was all that was said between us on the subject. I was too well acquainted with the captain's sudden whims to attach much importance to this one.

The captain remained at home this time barely two weeks. On the morning that he left to take his vessel for another trip, just after he had taken up his hat to go, he called me into the chamber, and shut the door.

"Here is something, Fanny," he said, "that I want you to keep safely for me till I come back." And he took a paper package from his breast-pocket in it—five hundred pounds in all. I will lock it up here in this bureau-drawer, and give you the key." And he did so. "No one would think of coming here for money."

"Do you think you had better leave it here, Elijah?" I asked. "Why not put it in the bank?"

"I meant so; but I shall not have time. The money was only paid me last night. But no matter; the money will be safe where it is; or if you don't think so, you may deposit it yourself."

My husband took little thought of possibilities, and I presume that he never once thought of money from the time he left the house until he returned. As for myself, I was not so easily satisfied. I had heard enough of house plunderings and outrages of that kind to make me afraid to keep this large amount with me. My uneasiness increased as the day wore on; and about three o'clock the same afternoon, I took the money and went to the bank, determined to deposit it. The bank was closed; all the banks were closed, for it was Saturday.

I took the package home again, replaced it in the bureau-drawer, locked it, placed the key in my pocket, and resolved that I would not worry any more about it. Emily called me to tea in a little while, and though not hungry, I went into the dining-room and sat with her while she drank her tea and laughed and chattered in her vivacious way.

The evenings were rather long, and Emily and I sat together in the dining-room after the table was cleared, she reading aloud and I listening, as was our custom. When the clock struck ten she laid down her book; and I took my lamp, and bidding her good night, went to my room.

My chamber occupied the whole front of the second story, and Emily had a back room on the same floor. A bell-wire ran from my room to hers, so that I could summon her at pleasure.

The Deaf-Blind's' Home.

"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."--CICERO.

VOLUME IV.

MEXICO, N. Y., THURSDAY, APRIL 29, 1875.

NUMBER 17.

I placed the lamp upon the bureau, shaded it, and returned and looked the door. Then I drew my easy chair to the middle of the room, put on my slippers, and sat down for a few minutes before retiring. And immediately I became vexed at myself to find that I was looking at the drawer that held the money, and that I was feeling in my pocket to see that the key was safe. I felt no alarm; I had almost cured myself of my uneasiness; but it seemed as if that money, and the danger of its custody, would obtrude upon me. In the impatience of the moment, I turned my chair half-round, and looked toward the opposite wall. The shade that I placed over the lamp confined its rays within a small circle, beyond which the bed, the furniture, the carpet, and the wall paper were obscure. In the corner to the right of the door, was an antique, high-backed chair, a favorite piece of furniture. As I turned my own chair from the bureau, my eyes rested on this object, and I saw by the same glance that a human figure was sitting in it.

I could not at first make out whether it was a man or a woman; I only became conscious, as I sat in bewildering, dumb terror, that I was confronted by a stranger there in that semi-darkness—by some one who had hidden in the room for some object; and what that object was I well knew. No person who has never been placed in such a terrifying position as that can describe the sickening feeling which for a moment takes possession of the heart; and I can only say for myself that I sat motionless for a time—I know not how long—thinning of my helpless situation. There I was, locked up in a room alone with a ruffian, waiting, trembling, and expecting to hear him speak, or to become the victim of some violence. For although, as I have said, I could not distinguish whether it was a man or woman, I did not doubt that it was the former, and one of the most desperate of his kind. And presently, as my eyes fell to the floor, I saw a great pair of boots thrust out upon the carpet within the radius of the light.

I do not know how long we sat there in the semi-darkness of the room, facing each other, but motionless and silent; it might have been five minutes or thirty. The thought of alarming Emily suddenly occurred to me, and I reached out for the bell-cord. It should have been within easy reach of the spot where I sat; but my hand failed to find it.

A low chuckle came from the occupant of the old chair.

"That was a clever thought of you, missus," came forth in a deep, rough voice, and in a tone of easy insolence. "Clever thought, marm; but bless your simple soul, do you think I was a-going to leave that ere cord there for you to make a noise with? Not by any means. It's well to be careful when you're in this kind of business, marm; and so when you left me alone here before dark—I then being under the bed, you see—I crawled out and took a survey of the place."

My strength was returning; I became reassured as I saw the man intended no violence to myself.

"What do you want?" I asked.

He chuckled again, and replied, "Now that's good; you're a business woman, marm; you come right to the point, without any nonsense. I'm going to tell you what I want."

He rose from his chair as he spoke, and crossed the room to the bureau, passing so close to me that his boots brushed the skirt of my dress. I shuddered, and drew my chair back—I could not help betraying my fear.

"Be quiet, marm," he said. "I don't mean to hurt you, if I can help it. Let's have a look at each other."

He removed the shade, and looked at me for full half a minute, as I sat in the glare of the lamp. He was a large, brawny fellow, full six feet high, and dressed in an old suit of fustian clothes. His face was entirely concealed by a crumpled mask; not a feature of it could I see from his neck to the crown of his head. He leaned one arm upon the bureau, and regarded me attentively.

"You don't know me," he remarked in an ordinary tone. "No, of course not; it's best for you that you shouldn't. I thought at first there was something familiar in your face; but I fancy I was mistaken. Well, to business, marm."

And he assumed a sharp tone, and looked carefully at the bureau. "I've got a pistol here, missus"—and he slapped his pocket; "but you're too sensible a woman, I take it, to make me use it on you. I want that money. There's five hundred pound of it in this drawer; you have the key—give it to me!"

I handed it to him without a word.

"I'll leave you in a minute, missus," he said, rapidly inserting the key, turning it, and opening the drawer, "with many thanks for your good behavior. Is this it?"

He took out the package and held it up.

"She might deceive me, after all," I heard him mutter; and thrusting his forefinger into the end of the envelope, he ripped it open, and pulled the end of the notes out into sight! "Yes, here it is. Now—"

He had thrust the package in his pocket, and was about to close the drawer, when his eye was caught by some-

thing in it. He started, thrust his hand into the drawer, and, taking out an object that I was well acquainted with, he bent over and scrutinized it, holding it closer to the lamp. How I did wish that I could see the expression of his face at that moment! He held in his hand an ivory miniature of my husband's face, a faithful picture, made by an artist years before, at my request.

"Whose face is this?" the robber demanded, in a voice that trembled with eagerness.

"My husband's," I replied.

"Your husband's? Yes, yes, but his name?"

"Elijah Croly."

"Captain Croly?" he demanded in the same tone.

"Yes."

"The same who commanded the barque Calvert, that used to run out of Liverpool?"

I nodded my head. I knew that the vessel named was the last one that my husband had sailed on the ocean before he bought his own coaster; in fact, it was the same in which I came to England.

"And this is Captain Croly's money?"—this is his house!—you are his wife!" he asked, rapidly, giving me no time to answer his questions. "Yes, yes—I see it all. Great God!—to think what I was about to do!"

He dropped into the nearest chair, apparently faint with emotion; but while I sat in deep surprise at the unexpected turn that this affair had taken, he said, "You have no reason to fear now; I will not rob you; I will not harm you. Only don't make a noise. Please open the door, and you will find Jane—your woman, I mean—waiting in the passage."

I obeyed; I did not know what else to do. I unlocked and opened the door; and there, to my astonishment, stood Emily Sands arrayed in her bonnet and shawl, with a bundle in her hand—waiting. I have no doubt for a signal from within. She started upon seeing me; but the man immediately called to her by the name of Jane, telling her to come in.

She passed by me as she did so; and I whispered, "Oh, Emily, how could you betray me?"

She manifested no shame or sorrow, though I know she must have heard the whispered words; her face was hard and unwomanly, and its expression was sullen. And I could not doubt that she had played the spy upon my husband and myself, and had betrayed us to this man.

"I've a very few words to say to you, marm," said the man; and all the boldness and insolence had gone out of his voice, leaving it gentle and sorrowful.

"Just a few words to ask you to forgive us for what we meant to do, and to tell you what has happened to change my mind so suddenly, and why we can't rob you as we meant to do."

He took the package from his pocket with the words, and tossed it into my lap.

"That money belongs to the man that I love and honor more than any other on earth. I'm a hard customer, marm; we live by dark ways and doings, Jane and I, and I wouldn't have believed when she let me in here to-day and hid me that I could have left the house without that money; but if I'd known whom it belonged to, I'd sooner held out my right hand to be cut off than come here as I have, and for what I came. I used to be a sailor, and I was with Captain Croly in the Calvert. He was the very kindest and best master that ever handled a speaking-trumpet, and there wasn't a man aboard the bark but loved him. One night off Hatteras all hands were sent aloft to reef in a heavy gale; and when they came down again I was missing. 'Where is he?' the captain asked; but none of them knew. They hadn't noticed me since we all sprang into the shrouds together. 'Overboard, I'm afraid,' said the mate; and the men all seemed fearful that I was lost. The captain hailed me through his speaking-trumpet; and there came back a faint, despairing cry, only just heard above the piping of the storm. Captain Croly never ordered any one else up; he cast off his coat, and threw down his trumpet, and went aloft before any one could get ahead of him. He found me hanging with one elbow over the foreyard, and just about ready to fall from weakness and pain, for my other arm was twisted out of joint at the elbow by a turn of the ropes. He caught me, and held me there till help came up from below, and then they carried me down. It was Captain Croly that saved me from a grave in the sea; and I would have robbed him tonight! Forgive us, madam, if you can. We will leave you in peace. Come, Jane."

The two passed out of my chamber, and from the house, leaving me like one in a dream. The woman I never saw again; and I have little hope that she ever reformed. She was one of the crafty, hypocritical kind, whose hearts are entirely bad, and who generally come to bad ends. But I am very hopeful that the man entered upon a new life after this occurrence. He made no promises, not even an intimation that he meant to do so; but I have faith to think that the heart that could treasure up a debt of gratitude, and stay the execution of a

crime, as in this case, must have something in it strong enough to turn it to virtuous ways.

"Well," said Elijah, in his joking way, when he came home next day after this eventful night, "you've not been murdered for that money, I see. Where's Emily? Has she run off with it?"

I handed him the package, merely remarking that the woman had unexpectedly left me, for reasons which were best known to herself. This was all the conversation that I had with him upon the subject; he never knew what I have now been telling. Perhaps I did wrong; but I was always reluctant to tell him all about it, and he died before I could make up my mind. But I never had any other secret from Elijah; and I believe I never had an adventure that made such an impression upon me as this.

Robin Redbreast.

In Devonshire, England, the red-breast is called the "Farewell Summer." In Wales he is considered, like Prometheus, the victim of his own philanthropy—of his love for the race of man. Not only the "Babes in the Wood," but mankind at large, if the Welsh legend be true—are indebted to these deserving favorites.

How could any child help regarding the little bird "with bosom red" with affection, when assured "That far, far away is the land of woe, darkness, spirits of evil and fire, and that day by day does this little bird bear in his bill a drop of water to quench the flame, and so near to the burning stream does he fly that his dear little feathers are scorched, and hence he is named 'Bron rhuddyn'; and that to serve little children the robin dares to approach the infernal pit, and that no good child will hurt the devoted benefactor to man. The robin returns from the land of fire, and therefore he feels the cold of winter far more than his brother birds. He shivers in the wintry blast; he is hungry, and so he chirps before your door. O, my child, then in gratitude throw a few crumbs to poor robin red-breast."

The Yorkshire, England, country people have a real horror of killing a robin, and with good reason, for they say, and firmly believe, that if a robin is killed one of the cows belonging to the person will give bloody milk. And it is said for a fact that a young farmer at Boro-bridge was determined to try and see if this bit of "folk-lore" could be verified. With this intent one day he shot a robin purposely when, lo! the next morning his uncle's best cow, a healthy beast of some twelve or fourteen years, gave half a pailful of red milk, and did so for three days in succession, morning and evening. The liquid was of a pink color which, after standing in a pail, became clearer, and when poured out there was found a deep red sediment at the bottom.

The same superstition is likewise prevalent in Switzerland. The robin there alone of all birds enjoys immunity from the ready gun of the Alpine herdsman, who believes the same tradition as the Yorkshire man respecting the cows should a robin be killed on his pastures.

In France, likewise, the robin meets with mercy at the hands of the sportsman, who is generally anything but sentimental, while the Breton peasant holds him in positive veneration.

Mr. Chambers in his "Book of Days," says, "the robin is very fortunate in the superstitions which attach to him."

"There's a divinity doth hedge a robin, which keeps him from innumerable harms."

In Suffolk, England, there is a saying, "You must not take robin's eggs; if you do you will have your legs broken; and accordingly, those eggs on long strings, of which boys are so proud, are never to be seen in that country, and one that kills a robin is sure to be unlucky." For "He that hurts robin or wren will never prosper, boy or man."

"How sadly you write," was one day said to a boy in a parish school; "your hand shakes so that you cannot hold your pen steadily! Have you been running?"

"No," replied the lad, "it always shakes since a robin died in my hand; it is said that if a robin dies in one's hand, that hand will always shake."

Evil results, however, do not seem to have always followed the killing of a robin. "Who killed Cock Robin?" was the indignant and popular inquiry. "I," said the sparrow, as bold as brass, without any apparent compunction of conscience, "I killed Cock Robin." As the sparrow did not even attempt to palliate his action by alleging the unhappy result to have been accidental, but even freely acknowledged with what weapon it had been effected, we fear that it was a wilful and cold-blooded murder. True, that "all birds of the air fell sighing and sobbing when they heard of the death of poor Cock Robin."

Yet still in this case we do not learn from subsequent history that any retributive justice fell upon the shedder of poor Robin's blood. It is said of the red-breast that if he finds the dead body of any rational creature, he will cover over the face at least, if not the body, with leaves. The burial covering, with leaves, of children in the wood, and the play of "Cymbeline," are supposed to

have given birth to the tradition; but this charitable office, however, which these productions have ascribed to Robin, is of very early date, for in Thomas Jefferson's "Cornucopia," (1896), it is related that "Robin, if he finds a man or woman dead, will cover all his face with mosses, and some think that if the body should remain unburied, that he would cover the whole body also."—*Peoria Transcript*.

Katy's Wedding.

And this was the whole story! Our modest little maid had in two weeks been wooed and won, and was to be married "the night."

We excused the bride elect from further duty on her wedding-day, and she set about her trousseau, and preparing for the entertainment after the ceremony.

"Jerry bought a fine cake at the bakers, just round the corner. I've it upstairs in my bedroom, miss. Wud ye come up an' see if ye think it's nice? An' wud the mistress let me cut a bit of mince-pie, just for Jerry? He's that fond of it!"

I gave an unlimited order on the ladder, and a set of spoons that had served us as faithfully as Katy; and then, with a sinking heart, went to carry the news and the invitation to mother.

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself to encourage the child in such folly! You are old enough to know better, if she isn't. Send Katy to me. I'll stop this nonsense!" was the pleasant reception that awaited the story that had been softened and cushioned to meet the occasion.

But when was wise council ever taken, or when did intermeddling avail in a love affair? Certainly not this time, for at the hour appointed we crossed the street to St. Mary's, and found the bridal party in a dimly lighted passage in the rear of the church, awaiting the convenience of Father Rooney, who, as informed by the sexton, "was havin' dinner company, and couldn't come to wunst."

And we waited his time. I looked around at my companions. Here was Katy's mother, a stalwart Irishwoman, clad in the blanket-shawl and alpaca hood dear to the mothers of Erin. She was offering good advice to a friend suffering from "cowl," and giving the rules for making a posset, which she called "fite fay."

As it was Mrs. Brice's pancake for most bodily ills, and had been advised for my taking many times, I recognized the delectable compound as white whey.

Katy herself was bright and neat in a green stuff dress that had been dedicated to St. Patrick a few months before. Her hair, "done by the drisser," in a multitude of pullings and frizzings, was surmounted by a white tinsel wreath that glittered in the light of one gas-jet, and did its best to spoil the looks of our little maid, who, in her plain print dress and natural wavy hair, always looked refined and pretty.

The party of the first part was sitting in a dark corner with two or three of his friends, and I could not make him out clearly until we were summoned to await his reverence at the altar, and it was too late to snatch Katy from her doom. He was by no means a young "boy," being at least fifteen years beyond our twenty-three-year old Katy. He was coarse and stupid and shame-faced, with his hair plastered down almost to his red-rimmed, sleepish eyes, and with an upper lip so short that his teeth were always on view. Indeed, in every way and altogether a bad subject. I looked on and listened in a half-dazed way to the very brief service that gave Katy her sentence for life. Once before I had witnessed a marriage in St. Mary's. Then it was a matter of daylight and candles, flowers and incense, gorgeous vestments and many priests and much ceremony. We were bowed by obsequious ushers through the wide front doorway. But we were poor folk, and this was another affair. One impatient priest, anxious to get through with the bother and return to his guests, was accounted sufficient for us.

The good father had evidently been having a jovial time over his dinner, and wasted but little of it on us. As a matter of habit, he gave a brief prospect of good advice after the ceremony, culminating in, "And if you have children (God grant you may!), mind your duty to the Church," etc. After which a hasty blessing, the lights turned out, and we groped our way back through the dark passage as we came in.

I recrossed the street with a heavy heart, the wedding train slowly filing down the basement steps to eat the pink and green sugared cake, the mince-pie for the groom's special delectation, and to drink a pitcher of beer for the "widys" in the next street, a contribution from a thoughtful guest toward the general hilarity.

The rejoicings were of a quiet and orderly sort, as they were likely to be with Mother Brice to the fore; and at ten o'clock Katy came up stairs to say good-bye, and with tears and smiles mingling, took mother's lecture, consisting of equal parts of good advice and solemn warning.

"Oh, you foolish girl! how do you expect ever to get along with that great lazy-looking fellow? I am disappointed

in you, Katy. But go along; be good-natured, keep your house clean, and remember we are your friends."

"Yes'm," said Katy. "Thank ye, ma'am. Indeed, I feel as if it was goin' from home I am. God keep ye in good health, Miss Mary!" and Katy vanished from our sight.

The revelers below followed, and we could hear the laughing and chaffing that broke in upon the quietness of the night as they followed Mr. and Mrs. Burke to their new home.—From "Katy," by Mrs. S. L. BURTON, in *Harper's Magazine for May*.

A Dead Man Paying His Debts.

There is a sense in which death pays all one's debts. The "debt of nature" is paid, certainly, in dying; but, in strict justice, one's memory and estate do not allow him, even after death, to be called quite square with the world if his surviving creditors have not had their dues.

It is rather hazardous to name a child after, or to build a monument to, a living man. He may not turn out so well as was expected, and then the name and monument will be somewhat mortifying. But there is a village in France where they will not build a monument to a great man even when he is dead, unless his debts are paid. A recent French traveler who visited Milly, says:

A pedestal which awaits its monument stands at the entrance of a square in Milly village.

I asked "What is that?"

I was told, "It is the pedestal of Monsieur Lamartine's statue."

I inquired, "Has that statue not been made yet?"

The question was scarcely out of my mouth when an old peasant, with a waxen-shaped face, came up to me and said, with the dryness of a legal writ:

"Business has not yet been settled. Lamartine still owes money; he owes to workmen and to farmers, and they are waiting for all those accounts to be liquidated, because it is not desirable to erect a statue to a man in debt."

A Deadly Spring.

A writer in a Californian newspaper says: About half a mile over a mountain from Bartlett Springs there is what is called the Gas Springs. This is probably the greatest curiosity of the mountains. The water is ice-cold, but bubbling and foaming as if it boiled, and the greatest wonder is the inevitable destruction of life produced by inhaling the gas. No live thing is to be found within a circuit of one hundred yards of the spring. The very birds, if they happen to fly over it, drop dead. We experimented with a lizard on its destructive properties by holding it a few feet above the water; it stretched dead in two minutes. We stood over it about five minutes, when a loud, heavy, acid sensation crept over us, and our eyes began to swim. The gas which escapes here is the rarest kind of carbonic, hence its sure destruction of life; also its quenching of flame instantaneously.

Have Pets.

It is, perhaps, too much to say that cruelty to animals and crime necessarily go hand in hand; yet it is a suggestive fact with Mr. Dargh records in his paper—*The Animal Kingdom*—that of two thousand convicts of whom inquiry was made, only twelve admitted that they had left pets at home; and this is in accordance with the experience of all visitors among the poor, who tell us that the pet squirrel, the canary hung in sunshine, the out-purring cat on the hearth, are sure indications of quiet and content within. Who has not often passed a humble dwelling and catching sight of flower pots in the window, has not felt that refinement had its abode there? Leigh Hunt pleads for geranium in the window; we plead for others as well and for pets, too. Give children all the means possible for association with life, vegetable and animal, and you will humanize them, while you save them from the vicious thoughts of idle hours and give them a pleasure which they will cultivate and perpetuate through life. Cowper, who would "not carelessly set foot upon a worm," acquired his love for pets when a child; and some of our greatest men—Clay, Webster, Agassiz, and many—were as fond of pets in later years as in early manhood.

A Texas editor is trying to keep society straight in his town, and when he sees anything he doesn't like, he speaks about it. To one young woman he says: "We suggest to a certain young lady of our village to hold her peace, unless she can talk without trying, or seeming to try to shake her chignon off when she is hectoring. It adds no force to her words, and looks out of place to us."

London has another new industry. A man advertises himself as "Knocker" and window-tickler, from three to seven. He wakes heavy sleepers who wish to get up early. Window-tickling; waking with ringing the bells, and by means of a long pole, with which he taps on the window pane.

Keeping Plants at Night.

A lady, who has a large number of plants, says she keeps them all winter without any fire at night in the following manner:

Have made, of wood or zinc, a tray of any size—you may need it about four inches deep, with a handle on either end, water-tight—paint it outside and in, put in each corner a post as high as the tallest of your plants, and it is ready for use. Arrange your flower pots in it, and fill between them with sawdust; this absorbs the moisture falling from the plants when you water them, and retains the warmth acquired during the day, keeping the temperature of the roots even. When you retire at night spread over the posts a blanket or shawl, and there is no danger of their freezing. The tray can be placed on a stand or table and easily moved about.

Healthfulness of Lemons.

When the people feel the need of an acid, if they would feel vinegar alone and use lemons or sour apples, they would feel just as well satisfied and receive no injury. And a suggestion may not come amiss as to a good plan when lemons are cheap in the market. A person should in those times purchase several dozen at once and prepare them for use in the warm, weak days of spring and summer, when acids, especially citric and malic, or the acids of lemons and ripe fruit, are so grateful and useful. Press your hand on the lemon and roll it back and forth briskly on the table to make it squeeze more easily, then press the juice into a bowl or tumbler—never use tin—strain out all the seeds, as they give a bad taste. Remove all the pulp from the peels and boil in water a pint for a dozen pulps to extract the acid. A few minutes boiling is enough; then strain the water with the juice of the lemons; put a pound of white sugar to a pint of the juice; boil ten minutes; bottle it, and your lemonade is ready. Put in a teaspoonful or two of this lemon syrup into a glass of water, and you have a cooling and healthful drink.

A UNIVERSAL MORAL PANACEA.—A reader of the *Hebrew Leader* proposes the following remedy for the ills of the flesh and spirit, composed of leaves, plants and roots, which, if taken without a wry face, will make any man respected and happy!

Leave off drinking.

Leave off smoking.

Leave off cheating.

Leave off snuffing.

Leave off swearing.

Plant your pleasure in the home circle.

Plant your business in some honorable employment.

Plant your faith in Truth.

Root your habits in Industry.

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Address, DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Mexico, Oswego Co., N. Y.

MEXICO, N. Y., THURSDAY, APRIL 29, 1875

Institution Reports Received.

The attendance for the past year at the Halifax Institution has been fifty. The need of more buildings, to accommodate the growing wants of the institution, consequent upon an increase of pupils, has been so urgently felt during the year, that steps have been taken to supply it. A generous public has contributed largely toward the building fund, and it is thought that more appeals and legislative aid will soon extinguish what little indebtedness has been incurred. Mr. Hutton, the principal, in a very intelligent report, claims that one institution is ample for the Maritime Provinces—that in the population of 1,000 deaf-mutes, 10 or 15 per cent. might, by extraordinary efforts, be placed under instruction; and in his opinion that this would be a proper number for an institution, we heartily agree. The report has a chapter on deaf-mute vagrancy, which is interesting and sound.

At the end of the report of the Maryland Institution for the Blind, a few pages are devoted to the report of the Joint Special Committee on the Institution for the Colored "Blind and Deaf-Mutes." In this latter department there are twelve in attendance, under the principalship of Mr. Louis C. Tuck, assisted by his wife, Mrs. L. C. Tuck. The institution has purchased ample buildings for both departments, and excepting a slight ground rent, soon to be canceled, they are unincumbered. We are very happy to note this evidence of prosperity in affairs pertaining to the colored deaf, and hope that in other states where the race preponderates equal advantages for education will be forthcoming.

Alas for New Jersey!

Since our last week's edition, we have received advices beyond doubt that the bill appropriating \$300,000 for institutions for the deaf and dumb, the blind, and the feeble-minded, was defeated in the Legislature of New Jersey by one vote, and left where it stood till its final adjournment in a day or two afterwards.

The action of that honorable body of itself showed the necessity for such institutions, at least for the last-named class. There was in it one fool too many.

The Itinerizer.

The idea is to gather into this column items that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to associations of deaf-mutes, or to institutions for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and readers will keep us supplied with items for this column; mark items so sent: The Itinerizer.

Both Houses of the Legislature—the Assembly to-day—have at last, says the Albany correspondent of the New York World, under date of April 23, passed the law which places the education of deaf-mutes upon the same basis with that of children who have the full possession of their senses. Up to a year ago no child born a deaf-mute could gain the benefits of a common school education or share the advantages of a School Fund unless its parents made an affidavit that they were unable to educate the child themselves. A law was passed a year ago altering this law in some particulars, at the instance of Mr. Kirk, of New York. The bill which has just passed has also been in his charge and is a general law under which all deaf-mutes will receive an education at the expense of the county where they reside, the county authorities being required to appropriate \$300 for the purpose and make arrangements for placing the child in some institution.

Mr. S. B. SARTON, of Troy, and his son John, have been to Washington this spring to visit the National Deaf-Mute College, which John expects to enter in the fall. They returned much pleased with their visit.

Miss CLAPP has just returned to Troy from a ten days' visit to her home in Brooklyn.

ANNIE GOULD, of Troy, was confirmed at St. Paul's Church Easter morning. Twenty other young people were received into the Church at the same time.

Miss SAVINIA CLARKSON, of New York City, has recently given \$100 to the Building Fund of the Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf-Mutes. The Fund now amounts to about \$700.

Mr. MOSES SMITH, of Jonesville, N. Y., an intelligent semi-mute and an appreciative reader, says of the JOURNAL: My wife, as well as myself, is very much pleased with your paper. It is a "natty" sheet, well got up, ably conducted, and as full of news of interest to the mutes as the limited material for items coming to your notice will permit, you being so largely dependant on your readers and contributors, scattered far and wide, for items of news exclusively interesting to the deaf-mute world, where to furnish forth a weekly feast.

Mr. JAMES SIMPSON, of Flint, Mich., is visiting Mr. S. H. HOWARD, at Arcade, N. Y. Both had jolly times at school in New York City.

Mr. N. DENTON, of Geneva, N. Y., is one of four gentlemen, who fill the honorable position of stewards in the Methodist Church of that village.

As will be seen by New York correspondence published in another column, fifty persons were confirmed by Bishop Potter in St. Ann's Church for Deaf-Mutes, N. Y., on Sunday afternoon, April 18th; thirteen of whom were deaf-mutes. After the service a sick deaf-mute young man was confirmed at his home.

The intense frost recently cut off the gas supply of the Belleville Institution. It being impossible to get immediate knowledge of the cause of the difficulty owing to the great depth of the frost in the ground, the gas company laid a pipe over ground for temporary use.

We are happy to hear that Mr. and Mrs. MOSES SMITH are content in the enjoyment of wedded happiness and that they have three pledges of affection in a girl of seventeen, and two boys of fifteen and eleven respectively. They live in the center of the village of Jonesville, in as fine a house as any in the place; which is about twelve miles south of Saratoga Springs, and three from the "Round Lake Camp Meeting Ground." Mr. Smith is sufficiently well off to keep a pair of Ethan Allen and Messenger ponies to drive around with, and it is said his better half is an excellent house-keeper, and keeps everything in order and as neat as a pin.

The Utica Herald of April 22, says a deaf-mute, whose name is not given, apparently between 40 and 50 years of age, came from the east that evening on the train and applied to Poormaster Hawley for help. He had a letter from William Wood, overseer of the poor at Fond du Lac, stating that he was a deaf-mute, a deserving man, and was on his way to Chicago, and that he was subject to fits and not able to travel. Mr. Hawley gave him supper at O'Connor's Hotel, near the depot, and he ate heartily. As soon as he came out of the hotel he was taken with a violent fit, and the united strength of three men could not hold him. He was cared for, and when he recovered he was sent on his way west.

According to the Delavan, (Wis.) Republican, a singular case of somnambulism occurred on Monday evening, the 12th inst., when a fearful leap was made by one of the mutes, a pupil at the Wisconsin Institution, named HENRY POH. He is a bright, strong young man of sixteen years, and his sleep walking heretofore has attracted no special attention. But on the evening mentioned, he had stated that he could take such a leap as he afterwards took.

Sometime between the hours of eleven and twelve he arose from his bed in the upper dormitory of the west wing of the building, climbed through a small window to the roof of the building that joins the west (T) to the main building, a height of some forty feet, from here he either walked off or jumped off the north side to the ground, alighting on a sidewalk, breaking the boards in several places, apparently where his feet, knees and head struck the boards of the walk. Then he picked himself up and went around the building to the front door where he was soon found by Edgar Fiske, the night watchman. He presented a horrible appearance, but was taken care of, when it was found that no bones were broken, but his feet, knees, left elbow, and head were bruised. He says it did not hurt him much and will soon be about as usual. In examining the side-walk, hair was found in one place, thus showing how narrow was the escape. The boards giving way under his feet, elbow and head, eased the concussion as he struck, but if he had alighted a few inches north or south of where he did upon the support of the walk, the result must have been fatal.

LATER.

Reports show the young man was hurt more seriously than was apparent at first, and now lies in a critical condition. He is receiving the kindest of care and attention, and hopes of his recovery are strongly entertained by the attending physician.

A writer in the Rochester Democrat and Chronicle describing a school he used to attend, which was under Catholic auspices says:

"A deaf-mute used to attend, and I have often seen him soundly thrashed because he could not pronounce A, B, C."

But whether articulation flourished under these vigorous measures, we are not told.

Lately a deaf-mute by the name of DAVIS, about twenty-five years old, was tried in Cincinnati, Ohio, and convicted of murder in the second degree, for having

killed a policeman, who was called to arrest him for creating a disturbance in a circus last September. It is supposed he was heavily intoxicated at the time he committed the deed.

The French government proposes to establish a school of mosaic decorations at Sevres. Such a school was actually established by Napoleon I., with the object not only of naturalizing a beautiful and useful art in France, but also of assisting an unfortunate class, the workmen employed being all deaf and dumb. But since 1830 nothing has been heard of it. The fact that one of the most interesting and original conceptions of the architect of the Paris Opera-house was executed by Italian artists, has been the means of reviving this plan for a school of mosaic decorations. The original idea will be carried out so far that pupils showing a taste for the art, will first be sought at the Deaf and Dumb Institution.—Harper's Weekly.

An Edinburgh (Scotland) minister was one evening marrying a couple, the bridegroom being by occupation a carter. Having asked the bride several times if she took this man to be her husband, without receiving any response, matters were like to come to a dead-lock, when the bridegroom blurted out in explanation, "She's a little deaf, just cart away."

A man in Paris swallowed a fork, and the supposition is that he won the wager dependant on the feat. Another man, not to be outdone, but he could swallow twelve ten-franc pieces which he did, but got himself so sick that he had to be carried to a hospital where vigorous measures were taken to relieve him. Eleven of the pieces were got out, but one obstinately stuck in his throat and a total extinction of voice ensued. After being dumb a long while, he, one day, coughed up the coin, and then the ungrateful scamp became furious because the hospital authorities insisted on restoring the coin to its lawful owner.

FOREIGN DEPARTMENT.

EDITED BY

HENRY WINTER SYLE.

Institutions in Switzerland.

The *Annals* for April gives a table from the *Organ*, of the Swiss institutions in 1872. They are all boarding establishments, and in the year mentioned had a total of 335 pupils and 37 teachers—an average of one teacher to every nine pupils.

Their locations are as follows: Aarau, Baden, and Zofingen, in Canton Aarau; Berne (for girls) and Fribourg, in Canton Berne; and Geneva, Lucerne, Moudon, Riehen, St. Gall, and Zurich.

The largest is that at Fribourg, with 60 boys and 5 teachers; the smallest, that at Baden, with 11 pupils and 1 teacher; the oldest that at Moudon, opened in 1811; and the youngest that at Geneva, opened in 1866.

Day-Schools in London.

(From the *Annals* for April, 1875.)

From the proceedings of the London School Board, reported in the *London Times* of November 29, 1874, we learn that for three months the Rev. W. Stainer, formerly a teacher of deaf-mutes and now one of the missionaries of the London Association in aid of the Deaf and dumb, has been engaged, under the direction of the Board, in preparing teachers to carry on the instruction of the deaf and dumb in day-schools. This period having of course been found insufficient for the preparation of the teachers, Mr. Stainer was engaged for three months more. Six months is surely not a long enough time either, and it ought to be again extended.

This is the beginning of a movement which may result in great good. The School Board, as we understand the case, has control of the Government grants for elementary education, and, from the boundless resources at their command, it is to be hoped the interests of the deaf and dumb will receive more attention than has hitherto been accorded them. Two training schools, under Mr. Stainer's direction, have already been opened in London—one at the Wilmut Street (Bethnal Green) School, and the other at the Winchester Street (Pentonville) School.

Signs and Deaf-Mutes in Africa.

From "Livingstone's Last Journals."

A chief who inquired why Dr. Livingstone had come to his country, was told that it was for the benefit of the natives; to which statement he replied by pulling down the under-lid of his right eye. Naughty boys in Ashantee use the same gesture when they want to make game of their betters.

The following passage bears upon the question of gesture language: "A deaf and dumb man appears among the people here, making signs exactly as I have seen such do in England, and occasionally emitting a low, unmodulated, guttural drawl like them."—*Pull Mall Gazette*.

Proposed Association at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, England.

A meeting of adult deaf-mutes was held in the Netherby Cottage British Workmen on Saturday afternoon, under the chairmanship of Mr. W. Neill, the head master of the Deaf and Dumb Institution of this town. The meeting was convened for the purpose of establishing an association for securing the following objects:—(1). "The privilege of Divine worship for the deaf and dumb of Northumberland and Durham, conducted in a language which they can understand.

(2). To promote their intellectual culture by week evening meetings. (3). To assist in obtaining suitable employment.

(4). To visit the sick and grant pecuniary relief in deserving cases." The deaf and dumb institution is devoted entirely to the education and welfare of those who are deprived of the faculties of hearing and speaking; but the promoters of the projected association while being fully alive to the invaluable benefits derived from the institution, feel that there is a want of a suitable place, where the deaf and dumb persons, of whom there are seventy in Newcastle, can enjoy innocent amusements, as well as develop intellectual culture, combined with religious instruction, on Sundays. Mr. Lancaster, who, like those who were present at Saturday's meeting, is a working man, has been preaching in the deaf and dumb language for a few Sundays, will probably be selected as a preacher, and will receive a small stipend for his services.—The chairman suggested that they should have a separate service at Newcastle, Sunderland, and South Shields which towns will be embraced within the limits of the association. He considered that such services would be of great value to the deaf and dumb after they leave the parent institution. He further wished it to be understood that the proposed association would in no way impair the value of the institution with which he was connected, but rather would tend to increase its value, as the association sought to sustain the spiritual education of the deaf and dumb when they left the institution. It would be scarcely possible to make the association self-supporting, and therefore its existence would depend in some measure upon outside aid.—It was unanimously resolved that the association be established, and Mr. John Dickinson, who has been very active in agitating the matter, was unanimously appointed secretary; and Mr. R. Turner was elected treasurer. A committee was also appointed, and the consideration of office-bearers will be dealt with at a subsequent meeting.—*Newcastle (Eng.) Daily Journal*, March 8th, 1875.

Visit to the Clarke Institution for Deaf-Mutes.

By HON. FRANCIS WELLS, OF PHILADELPHIA, ONE OF THE COMMISSIONERS OF PUBLIC CHARITIES

(From the Fifth Annual Report of the Pennsylvania Board of Public Charities, for 1874, Pages 63-69.)

In September last, * * * I also visited the Clarke Institute, on Round Hill, Northampton, and was greatly interested and impressed by the results accomplished at that excellent school in the education of deaf-mutes.

My visit was necessarily a brief one, but I was enabled by the courtesy of Miss Rogers and her corps of intelligent teachers to see enough of the practical workings of Dr. Bell's system of articulation to impress me deeply with the importance of a thorough experiment of the system in our own institution for the deaf and dumb.

I spent an hour with two of the classes. In the younger class, I found boys and girls, ranging from about eleven to fourteen years, some congenital deaf-mutes and others who had lost their senses by disease at very early ages.

They are taught a sign alphabet, consisting of characters which represent the positions of the vocal organs in forming the several sounds of the English tongue. These are learned by imitation, each pupil being furnished with a small hand mirror to show the errors committed in imitating the written figure or sign. All of these children were able to read dictated sentences from the blackboard, with greater or less intelligibility, uttering the words in purely mechanical imitation of the vocal figures on the board, and without attaching any meaning to the words. This is pursued until the pupils have thoroughly mastered these vocal hieroglyphics, and they are then carried into a higher class where the meanings of the words they have learned are taught to them, and the "hieroglyph" is translated into the English alphabet.

In this lower class, so fine a faculty of imitation is attained that some of the pupils are able, although perfectly deaf, to execute musically modulated sounds, the pitch being controlled by the raising and lowering of the teacher's hand.

In the higher class which I visited, other pupils were pursuing all the ordinary branches of an English high school education. The ordinary communications of the teacher were conveyed rapidly and with unflinching correctness by the lip language, the pupils evidently having no difficulty in following her words, and answering her questions in articulate language, generally entirely intelligible even to my wholly unexperienced ear. The more advanced pupils could readily read my lips, although unaccustomed to such a use, and obstructed by the serious obstacle of the moustache, and answered me with ready and bright replies.

I cannot too highly commend the patient, intelligent devotion of the self-sacrificing women who are achieving such almost miraculous results as these. Here is a large and excellent school and a happy home for deaf-mutes, where the old-fashioned sign language is discarded, and the dumb are actually speaking with their tongues, and the deaf "hearing with their eyes" the ordinary language of their country, able to understand and to make themselves understood wherever they may be. Surely the same results may be attained in our own institutions, and I would warmly commend the success of the Clarke Institute to the excellent managers of our Philadelphia and Pittsburgh schools, as warranting a thorough experiment of the system.

—Mr. Charles T. Bennett, senior member of the firm of Bennett Bros., publishers of the *Fulton Patriot*, has received the appointment of Post Master at Fulton. He is a good man for the place, we believe will make an efficient and popular officer, and we congratulate him most heartily.

Deaf to Reason.

Don Platt's Correspondence to the Washington Capital.

We find the "sleeper" as the Pullman is technically called, a rare place for the study of eccentric human nature. It is seldom that we pass a night in one that something does not turn up worth recording. On this occasion we had a deaf man who called for all the exertions of the conductor, assisted by the passengers, to keep to his place. He was a tall, muscular man, with a prominent broad chin and hard face, who had parted with his hearing, but retained his indomitable will. Deaf people are not generally amiable. A blind man can be counted on as jolly; but to lose one's hearing is to lose one's temper; and so it was not only difficult to set this pest of a man straight, but it was confoundingly unpleasant. Added to this, he persisted in talking. Now conversation is not like Hudibras' horse, that required but one spur, upon the recognized fact that if one side went the other had to go also.

"I can't make it out from this ticket," he bawled, as all deaf people bawl, "where I belong."

"Why, boss dis ticket calls for No. 5, upper berth."

"Speak louder; I'm a little hard of hearing."

The amiable steward put his large mouth to the ear and shouted, "No. 5, upper berth."

"I don't hear a word you're saying," was the mild reply, "here write it."

The steward took the card and made a "5" and pointed to the place.

"All right, make it up; I'm tired."

The section was accordingly made up, when old Deaf-as-a-post, divesting himself of his boots, rolled into the lower berth.

"Halloo, boss," said the steward, "dat won't do; you'd be upper berth."

"Tickets?" queried the deaf man, fumbling in his pockets.

"What de debble is I to do wid dis ole man,?" asked the poor fellow in despair.

"Let me try him," said a slender individual who looked at the world through a pair of glasses; "I understand the deaf and dumb alphabet," and so saying, he tapped the perverse man on the shoulder and motioned him to sit up. This being complied with, he began gesticulating with his hands and arms in the liveliest manner, as he sat opposite the gentleman.

"What are you poking your fingers in my countenance for, eh?" he roared, and looking up he saw the gathered passengers grinning as if greatly amused. He fell into a violent fit of rage, and suddenly drawing back, hit the alphabet man on the nose, flattening that useful article, and not only mashing his glasses, but sending him "to grass," to use a pugilistic phrase. The instructor of mutes picked himself up and retreated, feeling for his head, as if under the impression that it had been knocked off.

We are ashamed to write it, but we, in common with the other passengers, laughed long and loud at this.

After came a long intercourse in writing between the conductor and the deaf man. It was interrupted by the owner of the lower berth foregoing his right, saying he would rather sleep above that fighting character than under him. The next morning, after we had been aroused out to get off at this place, the steward shook the deaf man.

"Time to get up, boss, if you want to get off at Oakland," he said mechanically.

The man solemnly came to a sitting position and looked at his watch.

"Two o'clock," he said, "then I have an hour to sleep," and so he laid down again. Again the boy shook him.

"Look here, you scoundrel!" he roared, "if you disturb me again I'll kick you up and down this car."

"Oh, berry well; sleep if you wants to."

And so we left at Oakland, with the deaf man sleeping the sleep of innocence and peace.

Minor Topics.

The cold and dry weather has injured the wheat and fruit prospects in Indiana, Ohio and Michigan.

The civil rights bill is to be tested in New York. A colored man was refused a Ticket to Booth's theater.

An edition of the Bible is to be printed in London with all the proper names accented to show their pronunciation.

A Kentucky coroner has purchased a silver ball to be presented to the base ball nine that shall show the highest death rate at the close of the season.

The Hamilton College crew will appear at the inter collegiate regatta at Saratoga, in a boat presented by General John Cochrane, of New York, of the class of 1831.

During the late elections in Great Britain for members of Parliament, 32 successful candidates expended \$583,250, or an average of \$18,225 each, in music, feasting, drinking, etc., for voters. Their opponents, who failed, only spent \$279,495, an average of \$9,015 each.

The Chicago Times predicts that if no untoward event occurs before harvest there will be an average yield from the winter wheat sown, and that more than an average of spring wheat will be sown, so that the wheat crop of 1875 in the territory tributary to Chicago will equal at least, and probably exceed that of 1874.

There are 108 Mexican claims against the United States and 12 American claims against Mexico before the United States and the Mexican commission, growing out of the raid upon Bagdad, Mexico, in 1866.

During the second day's session of the Academy of Science, a paper on the desirability of "reforming the Gregorian year," prepared by Mr. Justice Bradley, of the Supreme Court, was read. The paper set forth cogent reasons why the civil year should correspond with the natural year. Justice Bradley has drawn up a bill to accomplish the reforms.

There is a woman in Paris who goes about the streets watching for a man to tumble down with apoplexy. Then she rushes forward in great distress, and goes with him and the police to the station, takes care of him, etc., and steps out of sight before he recovers his senses, when it is generally found that his watch and portemonnaie have disappeared.

In an action for slander tried at the Kingston assizes in England the other day, the plaintiff charged that the defendant had called him a convicted felon. The truth of this assertion the plaintiff did not deny, but he claimed that having already suffered for the offence he ought not to be made to suffer for it again. The jury were of the same opinion, and gave him £800 damages.

Three men, cleaning out a cesspool on Staten Island, discovered between \$20,000 and \$30,000 in gold coin. It appears that the premises on which the discovery was made were formerly owned by the City Bank Cashier, who was a defaulter to the amount of \$160,000 to the institution of which he was an officer, and who is now said to be a fugitive in Europe.

Mr. Squires, of Oregon, will furnish rare specimens of timber for the Centennial exhibition—a fir plank twelve feet wide and one hundred feet long, a spruce plank eight feet wide, cedar and larch seven feet, and hemlock five feet. He can furnish larger planks if transportation can be furnished, and huge planks of hard wood, including the famous Chitwood, of which Noah is said to have built the Ark.—*Ex.*

San Francisco surgeons have just extracted an Enfield rifle bullet from the left eye of Gen. J. F. Miller. The general was wounded at the battle of Liberty Gap, Tennessee, July 24, 1863, and men of science could never locate the position of the bullet in his head. When the operation was performed, it was ascertained that the leaden missile had become attached to one of the bones of the skull.

The boy Pomeroy is said to have had a predecessor in Boston almost as infamous as himself. Drake, the historian of that city, says there was there in 1725 a boy, 17 years of age, with all the traits of Jesse Pomeroy, who enticed three little children into by places and tortured them. The penalty inflicted upon him was thirty-nine lashes at the cart's tail, twelve at the gallows, thirteen at two other places, and hard labor in the Bridewell for six months.

A third of the four original members of the firm of Harper & Brothers died Thursday. James Harper died about six years ago; Joseph Wesley Harper, five years ago, and now the death of John Harper leaves Fletcher Harper the only survivor of the old firm. John Harper was born in 1797. He, with his brother James, was apprenticed at the age of 16 to different printers in New York. Serving their apprenticeship, they began business for themselves under the name, J. and J. Harper.

Bro. E. D. Phillips, of Colosse, is making his mark as a genial, racy, good-natured, and at the same time, wide awake, correspondent of the *Mexico Independent*, *Pulaski Democrat*, *Parish Mirror*, and we don't know how many other local papers. He can give the news without unpleasant personality, and appear to business matters without partiality; and if anybody happens to hit him a little he don't go into the dumps, and get mad, and say he'll never do another good thing as long as he lives. We don't know the man at all, but will wager a small sum that Phillips has a big heart, bubbling over with kindness continually, and that he's not asking whether it's going to benefit himself individually altogether. The presence of such a man is ground of hope for a whole community. May he live long and prosper!—*Fulton Times*.

The game laws of the state prohibit killing or exposing for sale any wild duck, goose or brant, between May 1st and September 1st, under a penalty of \$55 for each bird killed or exposed for sale. They also prohibit robbing the nest of any wild bird whatever, or in any way disturbing the nesting grounds of wild pigeons.

The Oswego Falls Fair will be held September 21, 22 and 23.

Orthographic Tournament and Amphitheatric Contest in Spelloecotic Verbosity.

At length we've had it. It was some time coming. The symptoms were very marked. It looked as though we should have it pretty bad. And we did. For a fortnight Worcester had been the favorite author; and Webster had superseded Shakespeare. All attempts to solve the Seven Years riddle in Brooklyn were for the time discarded; and "verbatim reports" were at a discount. The Centennial proved but a ripple; the Conference had scarcely been mentioned.

At least forty-eight persons went to the Presbyterian Church last Wednesday evening with the belief that this modest town did not contain many better spellers than they themselves. Forty-seven persons went away from said church, a few hours later, with the conviction that if they were the true representatives of Mexican orthographists—the compulsory education law had better be put into operation at once. "Spelling Matches" had long been the rage (match-making had become a popular employment;) the simplest words had been misspelled everywhere, and not a man, woman or child entered the lists a week ago who had not shrugged his or her shoulders in pity or contempt for the ignorance of some friend in a distant town who has succumbed under a three syllabled word.

At 7.30 the church was well-filled with a good-natured audience. A lullaby having been sung by the quire much to the delight of the audience—Prof. J. C. Taylor, with upraised ferule and commanding voice, called the scholars to order. They came. Prof. Havens and D. W. C. Peck, were nominated as referees. The nomination was seconded amidst great enthusiasm, and was carried without a dissenting voice. G. G. French and T. W. Skinner Esqs. were unanimously chosen captains, and with military bearing, both advanced to the contest and chose the following associates.

G. G. French,	T. W. Skinner,
Mrs. M. L. Wright,	Mrs. J. P. Stratton,
Rev. J. P. Stratton,	Henry Humphries,
Rev. J. Vincent,	M. L. Wright,
Rev. B. F. Barker,	Gertie Stone,
Mrs. B. F. Barker,	Lillah Howard,
L. H. Conklin,	Minnie Stone,
Chas. Alton,	J. W. Ladd,
Nickie Knight,	Mrs. Drake,
Prosper Taylor,	D. O. Drennan,
Amson Gustin,	Mrs. E. Baker,
Hiram Walker,	Hattie Richardson,
E. Rulison,	Rev. W. S. Goodell,
Chas. Beebe,	Mrs. Trowbridge,
Jennie Calkins,	Geo. Baker,
Jennie Druce,	M. D. Richardson,
Mrs. Shumway,	Earl Soules,
Mrs. Hartson,	Mrs. M. Ewer,
Mrs. Gardner Fuller,	Marietta Byington,
Mrs. Geo. Baker,	Mrs. Van Duzee,
Newton Hall,	Madalia Howard,
Dwight Foster,	Theodore Walb,
A. Tyler,	Chas. Wright,

The choosing went on without interruption until the name of our worthy County Treasurer was called. Mr. Conklin's native modesty would not permit him to go forward. He snapped his finger, and gaining permission to speak, rendered his excuse. His way of spelling, he said, was peculiar to himself; he never had quarreled with any one, and didn't like to begin by pitching into Webster. Besides, he thought it would be just like the teacher to give out hard words. Being assured that only 'easy' words would be pronounced, Mr. C. counted himself in—for a few minutes. Shortly afterward he and Mr. French, with several others, held a consultation on the back seats. From some of their remarks that we overheard, we judged they were deciding upon some appropriate evening when they could

A Bit of History.

Whether the history of the Clerc memorial is to be written piecemeal we do not know, but this is our contribution to it.

Some four years ago a wave of enthusiasm swept over the deaf-mute land, and every issue of the deaf-mute press contained something original and otherwise concerning the proposed memorial to Laurent Clerc.

In those days the pantomimic entertainment was an established feature of the New York Institution; it was very popular, brought crowded houses and hence receipts fair to look upon and the deaf-mute heart was happy.

In the spring of 1871 three members of the High Class of that institution, whom we will call X, Y, and Z, met in an out-of-way corner, talked earnestly for a few minutes and then parted. That evening there was a general convocation of all the members of the class; the next morning it leaked out that something tremendous was on the tapis, and that the objective point was to swell the Clerc Memorial Fund.

In brief it was decided to give one of the heretofore successful pantomimes, and devote the proceeds to the memorial.

Harlem, a large suburb of New York, some three miles distant, was fixed on as the place.

The general committee consisted of our friends of the corner, Messrs. X, Y, and Z. Mr. X was chairman.

The question of the date of the entertainment was settled for them, much against their will—Saturday evening; they fought for Friday. The powers that were, however, wouldn't hear of anything else and so they had to give in. The sages among the superiors shook their heads gravely and predicted a complete failure, but the committee explained their hostility on the ground that they had been left out of all voice and vote in the enterprise, and with the easy confidence of their years, went along with their preparations.

Z was a capital stage manager and took the actors in hand daily. X and Y engaged the hall and got out mammoth posters, and a lot of hand-bills, which were distributed far and near. With all this and the numerous drains on his pocket for little things in immediate demand, X speedily got rid of his pocket money, and all he could beg or borrow. Well, affairs went along smoothly till the day before the entertainment, when X went over to Harlem to see how things looked, and found they looked bad enough to make him think seaward.

For a negro minstrel troupe had engaged the hall for Friday evening and had been at work all day, pasting their posters right over his. Down town X rushed, and toward evening, through the aid of a friendly printer, came up with a pile of new posters, and enlisting all the bill posters in the vicinity, soon returned the compliment; and the next morning his advertisement shone from every corner and curb stone.

The doors were to be open at 7 1/2 p. m.—to commence at eight—but Y got Mr. —, a fine attractive young fellow, to come around at three o'clock and sell tickets till nine. Meantime all were as busy as bees, getting things ready behind the scenes.

Between acts R—, was to recite in pantomime, "The Heathen Chinese" and G—deliver in the same, "Shakespeare's Seven Ages."

Mr. P—, was to interpret in both instances.

Well, seven o'clock came and the ticket seller sent around for X, who, when he got inside the office, was confronted by the agent of the hall, blandly demanding the fifty dollars' hall-rent agreed upon. This was a poser, X never expected the rent would be demanded in advance; but the agent said he must have it before he would turn on the gas. X went into the street, signaled a hack, and drove hurriedly some three miles to the residence of a friend from whom he procured the requisite amount. Hurrying back, he drove up just in the nick of time, and soon the hall was cheerfully illuminated.

Eight o'clock came, and all were ready for the first scene; but the audience was fearfully thin; Y waited half an hour and then raised the curtain, and the spectators reinforced by half a dozen, saw Z come out and make his bow. It was very discouraging to be sure, but to the credit of the troupe he it said that they went through the play as enthusiastically as though the house was crowded.

R—, when he came to recite his "Heathen Chinese," felt, as he said afterwards, as though he would sink into his boots, never before in all his experience had he stood before such a slim audience.

G—, however, took it easy and delivered the "Seven Ages" in fine style.

At about ten o'clock the ticket seller sent for X to come and take care of the money, remarking that he guessed he had done enough for the "memory of Laurent Clerc," besides he was hungry, so X relieved him. But it wasn't much money he was called to see to; he slammed down the office window and retired behind the scenes, where Y was prompting. When the curtain went down for the last time, the committee hurried the things off, and by midnight were safe and snug at home.

But the next day they caught it; some few sympathized, but most said if they would be so dead to prudence, it served them just right. There was an ugly deficit when things came to be summed up and it was a wretched plight for school boys to be in; their resources were well nigh exhausted, their credit stretched and strained, and things looked fearfully black.

Fortunately X had a financial mind, and managed things so well that every obligation was met, the shattered credit restored, and a reputation for getting neatly out of a scrape, secured. How this was done it is unnecessary to explain; necessity is the mother of invention, and peculiar cases require peculiar

ways—the secret financing, while it answered very well for X, Y, Z, & Co., would hardly be a safe course for every one else.

It is perhaps needless to add that the Clerc memorial fund got nothing from these disastrous, though well meant efforts.

KOURONETI.

New York Notes.

(From our own Correspondent.)

The blustering, cold and windy spring days are nearly all numbered out, and still old frosty-headed winter clings to us with obstinate pertinacity. His icy breath is felt here and there and everywhere. The bare branches of the trees are not yet clothed with their green and summer foliage, though here and there are some signs of the rather slow approach of the heated term. We had a very slight fall of snow here last Tuesday the 13th inst., the day was unusually gloomy and unpleasant. As we have had a most severe winter, I suppose we need not have looked for a mild spring, although we have enjoyed intervals of warm, summer-like days.

Good Friday, the 26th of March, was observed as a general holiday at the Deaf and Dumb Institute, and about one hundred of the pupils went home to spend Easter Sunday with their relatives and friends. Divine service for deaf-mutes was held at St. Ann's Church in the afternoon.

Easter Sunday, the 28th of the same month, (Miss Bessie Gallaudet's eighteenth birthday) was a lovely, mild spring day, not a cloud was visible to obscure the serene blueness of the heavens. The sun smiled benignantly down upon us, spreading light and cheerfulness all around. Religious services were held at St. Ann's Church, morning, afternoon and evening, the second being for deaf-mutes. There was quite a large number of them present, as is the case on such feast days. As the hearing and speaking portion of the congregation with the Sunday School scholars sang their anthems of praise to God, the rich, melodious tones of the organ broke forth, thrilling the heart and soul with happiness and joy. The sermon, delivered by Rev. Dr. Gallaudet, was one of marked solemnity as he spoke in glowing language—signs—of the risen Savior and His triumph over death. Like Him we shall meet this dread reaper, and at the final day of judgment, when everything will be made as clear as the noon-day sun—nothing concealed. After service friend greeted friend, and they lingered a few minutes to admire the beautiful floral display—grateful Easter offerings from the rector's parishioners.

A fair was held in the Sunday-school room of St. Ann's Church during the first week of this month, and some five hundred dollars were realized from the sale of fancy articles generously contributed for the occasion. The money thus netted is for some charitable purpose.

Confirmation at St. Ann's Church last Sunday, the 18th inst. The number of deaf-mutes confirmed was thirteen, nine of them from the Fanwood Institution—six girls and three boys—the rest are residents of this city. Perhaps it would not be out of place here to give the names of some of them. Mrs. Sarah Campbell, Mr. Alonzo Collins, and Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Wells. Mr. W. has been connected with the Baptist Church in this city and Galveston, Texas, for upwards of twenty-four years. He is a sincere Christian gentleman, and feeling a deep and ardent interest in the temporal and spiritual good of the deaf and dumb, he has joined Dr. Gallaudet's Church that he may labor the more effectively in this silent vineyard of the Master to whom he gave himself at the age of eighteen. It filled the heart of his widowed mother (now seventy years old) with unspeakable joy as she saw him walk firmly and nobly down the aisle to the chancel to receive with the others, the blessing and benediction of the venerable Bishop Potter. Dr. Gallaudet feels more grateful than words can tell, for this voluntary offer to assist him in the "Church Mission to Deaf-Mutes." May he have many more such helpers.

Mr. Peter Wetschief, of Port Jervis is in the city on business of his own. His deaf-mute friends are glad to see his jolly, pleasant face, as it is not often that he can get a chance to come so far from home. We hope his short stay here will be a pleasant one to him.

Miss Clarkson, a charitable hearing and speaking lady, has just contributed one hundred dollars to the Building Fund for the new National Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf-mutes. As many hands make light work, so will such large sums of money frequently given go to swell the fund, and the sooner have the Home ready for occupation. Hurry up its walls and put on the roof. It would be a good thing to have the Home located somewhere in the vicinity of Washington Heights.

Mrs. Mary J. Frame, who has been spending most of the winter here, has been appointed a traveling agent to solicit funds for the new Home above referred to. We hope she may be as successful as Mrs. Totten is, and as courageous and energetic. She may have to encounter obstacles, but—never give up the ship.

L. A. W.

New York, April 21, 1875.

Troy Notes.

(From our own Correspondent.)

On the 27th of March, Mr. Berry, of Granville, N. Y., formerly of Albany, delivered a pleasant, little address before the Troy Deaf-Mute Literary Club on the Pope and why the Bible was not allowed in public schools. The lecture was necessarily brief, as Mr. Berry has been much occupied lately with his Lenten duties, and also in settling himself and family in the new rectory. Besides the Granville parish, he has the charge of the Wells Vermont parish, three miles

from that of Granville. His congregation in Troy and Albany are very sorry to lose their pastor, but he has promised to come once every month to our Troy chapel. At the close of the lecture, he kindly gave us all an invitation to visit his new home. Thanks, Mr. Berry! we will remember it the next time we find ourselves near Granville.

On the 10th inst., the debate was to have been on the question "whether travel by land is preferable to travel by water." A club member who was to have taken part, being ill, the debate was changed to a general conversation on the subject. All the members were much interested, and the preference was in favor of traveling by water. Mr. Collins kindly entertained us with a story which was "short but sweet." Three new books have been added to our little book case by Mr. Witbeck, the treasurer.

Mr. Daucly, the Superintendent of St. Paul's Free Chapel, left us on Easter Sunday to take charge of the school of St. Paul's Church. We sincerely regret his departure, and the deaf-mutes have sent him a note to express their sorrow at losing him, and their grateful appreciation of his thoughtful and never-failing consideration for their interests.

GORDON.

News of the Week.

On Thursday the canal commissioners made a majority report in favor of reducing lumber tolls to four mills, and removing tolls on up freight, except for foreign salt; the minority report opposed any change of last year's toll sheet.

Attorney-General Williams has tendered his resignation to the President, to take effect May 15.

Secretary Delano denies that his resignation has been requested by the President, but says that he has been intending to resign.

Dangerous counterfeit 5's on the First National Bank, of Paxton, Ill., have been discovered.

Indian Agent Haworth telegraphs from Fort Sill that the hostile Comanche chiefs Mawway, Long Henry and Wild Horse have surrendered together with thirty-six of their followers.

The Albany Express says: Senator A. C. Middleton, the granger from the 18th district with the aid of several page boys, introduced into the Senate (Wednesday) a petition of enormous size. It contains the names of 1,200 tax-payers, all grangers, residing here and there in the various counties of the State. They pray the Legislature to enact a measure that will insure an equal distribution of taxes and an avoidance of all exemptions, "to the end that property shall pay the taxes pro rata."

Fifty miles from Monument Station (380 miles from Kansas City), Friday two companies of the 6th cavalry attacked a band of Cheyenne raiders; 27 Indians and two soldiers were killed, the former fleeing and leaving their effects.

The president of the French geographical society has handed to Mr. Washburne a gold medal, presented by the society to the family of Capt Hall, in commemoration of the exploits of the Arctic explorer.

Brigham Young has been summoned before Chief-Justice Lowe for contempt of Court for not paying Ann Eliza some \$9,500 alimony. The case has been appealed to the United States Supreme Court.

Three river steamers were burned at New Orleans on Friday. The loss of life will total up much larger than at first expected. Some twenty-five or thirty are already known to be among the lost. It is feared that a number of spectators, residents of New Orleans, were also burned or drowned.

Spain is paying the Virginian indemnity before it is due, and in larger installments than the convention stipulated.

1,138,437 tons less of coal from all the Pennsylvania regions this year than last so far.

The Thousand Island Camp Ground.

The Watertown Times of Wednesday says: The purchase of the Association amounts to nearly 1,000 acres of land, and includes the Nunn farm of 200 acres. The location and condition of a large portion of this are picturesque beyond description, and when laid out and cleaned up and the avenues completed, it will be one of the most attractive, healthily and desirable summer resorts on the continent. The lots will be sold cheap, at prices previously fixed, and the size of the smallest will be about 40x80 feet. We believe it is decided not to sell more than two lots to one person, in order to prevent speculation, but any one, of whatsoever creed, can buy there if he will, and build, and go and come when he will, and stay as long as he will, and enjoy at the same time the many advantages which the Association will provide. The grounds will be laid out and work commenced on them immediately, and a camp meeting will be held there this year. Chancellor Haven, Secretary Dayan, and the rest, are full of enthusiasm, in the matter, and are pushing things.

For Teachers and Parents.—It should be specially remembered by teachers that a series of resolutions recently reported to the Rhode Island Medical Society declared that scholars should not maintain the same position more than half an hour at a time; that no child should be admitted to the public schools, as now conducted, under 7 years of age; that under 10 years of age, three hours a day, and for 12 and over, four hours a day is sufficiently long confinement to mental culture; that study out of school should not usually be permitted, and that all incentives to emulation should be used cautiously, especially with girls.

—Women are better spellers than men. The gigantic mind cannot get itself down to these small matters.

COLOSSE.

ED. INDEPENDENT.—Somebody has taken the pains to send us the March (31st) No. of the old Oswego "Scald" (Palladium). Here is a little *spawm* from its slimy columns. "Notes and Comments." "The Colosse, Oswego County, Correspondent of the Mexico Independent writes to that untrammeled publication as follows: 'A little girl near Union Square was lately planted in bright hope of immortality.' The corn planting season being night, it is natural for the agricultural mind to run in that direction, perhaps. The statement shows the mightiness of the pen in the hand of the plow holder. We hope no patent has been secured on this process of planting; it might be unpleasant for the rural community to be solicited in that direction as in the case of a corn planter, seed drill or some such implement."

That paper knows considerable, we guess. We remember of writing something about planting, to the Pulaski Democrat, having in mind Romans 6:5. We are not a "plow holder," would not be ashamed of it if we were. The blow was aimed at the farmer, the real back bone and sinew of our country; and for just such a deadly aim, the entire agricultural fraternity ought to look scorn and contempt upon this creature in ambush. We care very little about the "planting," and shall care nothing if the next issue of this *Mizar sheet* shall be one great blot of ink against what the Colosse correspondent said; but we do care for the farmer, the Grand Master of the soil.

Bro. Humphries.—We thank you for your liberality. Your columns are open for every wholesome thing, and may nothing be found therein to tarnish its well deserved name.—Independent.

E. D. PHILLIPS.

Colosse, April 21, 1875.

The Maple Sugar Festival, Young Folks' Concert and Spelling School, as per announcement, came off last evening. The evening was pleasant, the house well filled, and the entire occasion very enjoyable. Everybody was pleased with the music of the Concert, and the Band discoursed music in advance of themselves; at least the best we ever heard them. Mrs. Iza Howard Petit and Miss Julia Ladd were the leading contestants in the spelling class, with eight on each side. We pronounced the words. Mr. Northrop, of the Parish Mirror, and Mr. Ed. Palmer, our universal county correspondent, and dextrous John T. Hartson, were referees. After a half hour's spelling the referees reported seven words missed on each side. We then proceeded to spell them down. We pronounced gnostics. Mr. Slayton, of Parish, an old school-mate, said: "N-a-u-s, naus, t-i-c-s, tics, naustics." We said "next." Mr. Hartson, of Union Square spelled it naustics; Mr. H. Palmer then spelled it just as Mr. Slayton did. Miss Fremie Richardson missed it, and Mrs. Phillips spelled it correctly. Then we pronounced Knur. Several fell with this. Mrs. Ayres, Mrs. Petit, Mrs. Palmer, and several others showed themselves good spellers. And it is due the class to say that some of the words missed were spelled correctly as in common use at the present time. We pronounced words from Webster's Elementary, and were governed by it. Mrs. Slayton and Miss Ladd were the last to sit down, nor did they until we resorted to the dictionary, and pronounced dizz, when both were brought down. Mrs. Slayton, than whom there are few better spellers, gave us tyrannic. We left out an n, and fell on the first word.

Spelling school over, and the "good night" song, we retired to the rooms below, where parties feasted on the bounty provided. There was just one feature of regret, and only one. The committee to procure maple sugar supposed they had a first-class article, which proved to be a failure. None feel it more keenly than the committee and the friends who served the goodly company who participated without complaint. We think this will not occur again. The net receipts of the evening were \$44.67.

Thanks by the superintendent, C. V. Hartson, in behalf of the Colosse church and society, were tendered to the Concert songsters, the Cornet Band, and to the surrounding communities for their excellent effort and liberal patronage.

E. D. PHILLIPS.

Colosse, April 24, 1875.

NEW HAVEN.

"Snow, snow, beautiful snow" has come to be rather of an old story with us, for we have had the early and the latter snows, we hope, and we are anxiously waiting for spring days and sunshine.

Some of the farmers in this vicinity are getting somewhat discouraged in regard to their crops, &c., but we can only say that all is governed by that great and beneficent Author of nature, who will work out all to the welfare and prosperity of his people.

Mr. Mortimer May, an old and esteemed citizen, has purchased the hotel formerly owned by the late N. F. Goodsell, and we are glad to say he is repairing and fitting it up in good style, and will spare no pains to make it all the traveling public require.

W. W.

New Haven, April 26, 1875.

—The young man who spelled the word buzzard, "b-u-double-izzard-a-r-d-buzzard," and was consequently retired with a trombone engine, is going around the country with an open volume of "Webster" in his arms, beseeching the privilege of proving that his spelling was correct.

—Measles are prevalent in Palaski. There have been nearly 100 patients sick with that disease at one time in the village limits.

—It is said this remarkable spell of cold weather is due to the immense amount of now in the woods.

CENTRAL SQUARE.

MR. EDITOR.—I suppose that spring has opened, although we have been having such freezing weather of late, and snow has been falling nearly all day today. There is a saying that these snows are the poor man's fertilizer. If this be true, what wonderfully bountiful crops he will have this year.

Our merchants are receiving additions to their stocks of goods, and business of all kinds seems to be reviving somewhat. This is particularly true of entertainments, several having occurred during the past week.

On Sabbath evening the Ladies' Missionary Circle connected with the Baptist church gave a public meeting. The programme comprised Readings, Recitations, Reports and Correspondence, interspersed with good and appropriate music. These meetings do much to awaken an interest in missions, and give such information of the work as will bring the demands of the cause home to the people.

On Tuesday evening a maplesugar and other good things festival was held at the Baptist church. The more serious work at the tables was prefaced by a short, impromptu entertainment, consisting of tableaux, recitations, humorous readings from Will Carlton, and the Experience of Josiah Allen's Wife, and singing. A cold winter evening in a spring month caused the home fireside to attract more people than the maple sugar did. Nevertheless the ladies had a handsome profit to add to the repair fund.

We too have had a spell. It took place last night, under the auspices of the Dime Society connected with the Public School. Rev. D. D. Owen "put out the words," Mrs. Owen and Mrs. Brown turned the dictionary. N. W. Bates and S. M. Coon "chose up." About forty men, matrons and maidens had the courage to display their knowledge of the spelling-book. Mrs. Frank Hoyt, of Mr. Coon's side, had the honor of spelling down the school. The proceeds from the admission fee are to be used in improving the school grounds.

M.

Central Square, Apr. 24, 1875.

Yesterday being the last Sabbath of this Conference year, a report of the work in the M. E. Church was given for the past year as follows:

Admitted on probation twenty-three, by letter ten, in full connection nine. Five were baptized yesterday. Four members have died, as mentioned in a previous communication. Rev. Mr. Brown has done a good work and gained many friends during the two years that he has been here. It is hoped that the "powers that be" will see fit to return him another year. Last evening the Baptist and Methodist congregations united, to listen to Rev. M. R. Webster, a former pastor of the M. E. Church. His many friends here are glad to meet him, and to know that his health is much improved.

M.

Central Square, April 26, 1875.

PARISH.

Last Tuesday Commissioner Howard was at our place to secure teachers. Twenty-two offered themselves for examination, and fifteen of them are entitled to a license. The teachers stood a better examination than last year.

Hon. Neil Gilmour, Superintendent of Public instruction, has recently decided a controversy existing between School Districts No. 1 Hastings, and No. 1 Parish, respecting some territory which both districts claimed. A short outline of the facts may be interesting. About one year ago the trustee of Dist. No. 1 Parish, called on Commissioner Howard to more specifically define the boundaries of that District, from the fact that some of the records of its boundaries were missing from the Town Clerk's office. The Commissioner took testimony in regard to the matter, and so defined the boundaries as to include premises of Mr. A. S. Wightman, and the S. N. R. R., which runs through his farm. The trustee of Dist. No. 6, Hastings, appealed to the Superintendent, alleging that Mr. Wightman was never set off from that district, and if it was, it was not properly and legally done. The affidavit of N. W. Nutting, Esq., was produced whosever as commissioner he set off in 1866 Mr. Wightman from district No. 6, Hastings, to district No. 1, Parish, and it was done legally, and the trustees of both districts did grant their consent, at that time. The Superintendent confirmed the act of Commissioner Howard, and so Mr. Wightman's premises are a part of the territory of district No. 1, Parish. Ever since 1866 Mr. Wightman has paid his school tax to district No. 1, Parish, deeming himself a resident of that district.

Yesterday Rev. Mr. Manger preached his last discourse for the present conference year. As a Christian gentleman Mr. Manger is much esteemed, and if he should be returned here, the people would not censure the Conference for so doing.

ODD.

Parish, April 26, 1875.

At this season of the year, when all sensible business men are preparing to inform the public, through the columns of the newspapers, of the particular inducements they have to offer in the way of new goods, the following decision may be found useful. It relates to one of the rules governing advertising and should be universally known: It was decided in the New York superior court, in 1870, in the case of *Adams vs. Standard Life Insurance Company*, 2 Sweeney 441, that sending a business advertisement to a newspaper for publication, without directions as to the number of insertions, implies a request to publish it in each issue till it is ordered stopped; except only those advertisements of which the character (such as notices of sale on a given day) implies a limitation.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

A PAPER

FOR THE

DEAF & DUMB.

The Journal for 1875,

While adhering to its policy of the past, will seek to so increase and utilize its resources that the reader will receive the full benefit of them.

DEPARTMENT EVERY WILL BE MADE AS COMPLETE AS POSSIBLE BUT THE PATRONS OF THE JOURNAL MUST REMEMBER THAT A PAPER OF ITS KIND CAN NEVER BE ALWAYS BE PRETTY MUCH AS THEY CHOOSE TO MAKE IT

CORRESPONDENCE. We are always on the lookout for something new, and for everything interesting. We shall endeavor to have every Institution and School for the deaf represented in our columns, and we invite correspondence and contributions from every part of the globe. Newspaper clippings, &c., are always welcome, and will be gratefully acknowledged.

FOREIGN DEPARTMENT.

OUR FOREIGN DEPARTMENT will be under the editorial charge of

HENRY WINTER SYLE, A. M.

Who needs no introduction to our readers.

HIS NAME IS A SUFFICIENT GUARANTEE THAT THE DEPARTMENT WILL BE COMPLETE AND RELIABLE.



Postage Free.

Subscribers for the JOURNAL have no Postage to pay.

We shall pay the postage on every paper that we mail. This does not increase the price of the paper; it remains the same.

AGENTS.

We want agents in every available locality. All reliable men acting as our agents will be allowed to retain, as commission, twenty-five cents on every subscription they obtain. Those who wish to serve will please communicate with us at once.

TERMS.

One Copy one year, in advance, \$1 50
Clubs of ten, - - - 1 25
One copy, six months, in advance, - 75

These prices are invariable. Remit by draft, post office money order, or registered letter.

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Mexico, Oswego Co., N. Y.

Facts and Fancies.
—Something about dogs—fleas.
—A doughstick difficulty—heavy bread.
—Spring is on hand. Lettuce have peas.
—Improving one's time—mending the clock.
—It takes a pretty smart man to tell when he is happy.
—The home circle—walking around with the baby at night.
—What is better than a promising young man? A paying one.
—When a man can't find anything to do, he has lived long enough.
—Why is the sun like a good loaf? because it's light when it rises.
—Questions for actors—can an actor be said to work when he plays?
—In what ship has the greatest number of people been wrecked? Courtship.
—The man who doesn't hang out his shingle and advertise dies and leaves no sign.
—Those who rise to eminence suddenly are very apt to come back by the next train.
—Bashfulness is often like the plating on spoons—when it wears off it shows the brass.
When fortune wants to let a fellow-being fall the hardest, she lifts him up the highest.
—The spelling mania is raging. Parties of four in the cars turn two seats facing each other and spell.
—Marble-top tables are unhealthy, according to the Herald of Health, but it does not state their disease.
—It is easy enough to make the acquaintance of apple dealers. "By their fruits—ye shall know them."
—Milk punch is now recommended as a cure for diphtheria. It has always been considered good for the throat.
—Those old Greeks were pretty wise fellows. In their vocabulary maiden is translated nothing, and marriage is gammon.
—The Rock County Recorder heads its funny paragraph column in this way: "Written with Scissors." Those witticisms ought certainly to be sharp.
—The managers of the Oak Hill Cemetery, Washington, have dismissed the superintendent because he married a woman whom they did not like.
—The saddest thing in life is the spectacle afforded by a young person who has burnt all her hair off her forehead with a hot plate pencil, and cannot afford to buy a row of curls.
—A young lady while out walking heard, for the first time, her mother's intention to marry again, and she was obliged to sit right down and cry about it. She could not go a step farther.
—No eating apples in school ours, reads a sign on the blackboard of a schoolhouse in enlightened old Massachusetts, where education is supposed to sit on the top rail and make faces at ignorance.
—A subscriber to a South-Western newspaper died recently, leaving four years' subscription unpaid. The editor appeared at the grave and deposited in the coffin a palm leaf fan, a linen coat and a thermometer.
—This is the realistic way in which a California miner describes a hotel elevator: "Through the center of the house a shaft is sunk, and it contains a cage, in which the guests ascend to and descend from the different levels."
—A colored congregation in Dayton have decided to forgive their clergymen for letting on three card monte and losing \$90 of festival money. One of the deacons remarked: "We is all human, and de game is werry exciting."
—There was an old family feud between them," was what a witness in a Chicago murder case said to the jury. The judge asked her if she didn't mean "feud," and she asked him who was telling that story.
—Young women take up the contributions in the Methodist church at Bath, Maine, using baskets that hold about a peck apiece. When the ladies look their prettiest the baskets are often filled.

KNOWLEDGE IS MIGHTY. The man who saves money and makes his home and family better and happier. **THE DEAF-MUTE ADVANCE** is thoroughly identified with the deaf and dumb in their Home and Social Life. It enters upon the 6th year with 1875. A very good and cheap paper for every one. Only \$1.00 a year.
Address: **DEAF-MUTE ADVANCE**, Jacksonville, Illinois.

ADMINISTRATOR'S SALE OF REAL ESTATE. Notice is hereby given, that by virtue of an order duly granted by the Surrogate of Oswego county, on the 14th day of April, 1875, the undersigned will, on the 25th day of June, 1875, at 11 o'clock a. m., at the law office of Howe & Ainsworth, in the village of Sandy Creek, Oswego county, N. Y., at public vendue, the place of beginning, containing all the land included within the boundary aforesaid, be the same more or less.
Upon said land is a frame dwelling house, owned by **FANNY BRIGHT**, administratrix of the estate of Thomas Allard, deceased.

CLARK PICKENS, General Blacksmith
PARISH, N. Y.
SHOP NEAR THE DEPOT.
Special attention given to Horse Shoeing and Ox Shoeing.
Mr. Pickens has the only convenience for ox shoeing in this vicinity. Terms low. Work well done and no unnecessary delay by waiting, as Mr. Pickens intends to be at his shop constantly.
Parish, July 13, 1873. 38

Cyrus Whitney, ATTORNEY & COUNSELOR AT LAW
Neal Block, (East end of Lower Bridge), Oswego, N. Y. Special attention paid to collections, Foreclosure of Mortgages, Adjustments of Titles, Conveyancing, Assignments, Bankruptcy, Wills, Settlement of Estates, Railroad, Commercial and Marine Law, etc.
CYRUS WHITNEY, (Co Judge.)

Insure your Property WITH MORSE & IRISH, Fire, Life & Accidental Insurance Agents.
Insurance to any amount placed in first-class companies. Satisfaction guaranteed to all who trust their business at this agency.
Representing over \$100,000,000 American and English Capital.

COMPANIES
Conn. Mutual Life of Hartford,
Travelers Accidental of Hartford,
Etna Fire of Hartford,
Phoenix Fire of Hartford,
Royal of England,
Watertown Fire of N. Y.
Insurance Co of North America, Phila., Penn.,
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Agricultural of N. Y.,
N. Y. Central of N. Y.,
Ontario and of Phenix, N. Y.,
Onondaga,
Merchants of Providence,
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D. C. MORSE. GEO. W. IRISH.
Mexico, Jan. 15, 1874. 11

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Go where the Salesroom is well Lighted.
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CARPETS, AND Oil Cloths,
Which will be sold as cheap as can be bought west of New York.
J. F. BECKER, D. D. BECKER.
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An earnest effort will be put forth to make this school WORTHY of patronage.

The Expenses are Less Than in most institutions of this grade.
Board can be obtained in private families at reasonable rates. Many students furnish their own provisions, form a club, and hire some suitable person to do their cooking.
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Winter Term of 13 weeks opens Dec. 8, 1874. closes March 5, 1875.
All the old teachers are retained.
For rooms or further information address
CHAS. E. HAVENS, A. B., Principal.
Or **LEWIS MILLER,**
Mexico, N. Y., Nov. 25, 1874. 37

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If you want first class
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Go to
Bews & Walton's,
Manufacturers of
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and all kinds of Machinery. Brass Casting done to order. Also sole manufacturers of the Monitor Horse Power. Mexico Iron Foundry. Mexico, May 14, 1874. 28

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Special attention given to Horse Shoeing and Ox Shoeing.
Mr. Pickens has the only convenience for ox shoeing in this vicinity. Terms low. Work well done and no unnecessary delay by waiting, as Mr. Pickens intends to be at his shop constantly.
Parish, July 13, 1873. 38

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WILSON SHUTTLE Sewing Machine

FOR 50 Dollars!!
FARMERS, MERCHANTS, MECHANICS, AND EVERYBODY
Buy the World-Renowned **WILSON Shuttle Sewing Machine!**
BEST IN THE WORLD!
The Highest Premium was awarded to it at **VIENNA;**
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Amer. Institute, N. Y.;
Cincinnati Exposition;
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FOR BEING THE **BEST SEWING MACHINES,** and doing the largest and best range of work. All other Machines in the Market were in direct **COMPETITION!!**
For Hemming, Felling, Binding, Braiding, Embroidering, Quilting and Stitching fine or heavy goods it is unsurpassed.

Where we have no Agents we will deliver a Machine for the price named above, at the nearest Rail Road Station of Purchasers.
Needles for all Sewing Machines for Sale
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Should be used internally for Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Croup, Diphtheria, Colic, Cramps, Asthma, Influenza, Soreness of Chest or Lungs, Sore Throat, Quinzy, Pleurisy or Pains in the Side, &c., &c.
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Exceeds all other Remedies in the Cure of the following Diseases in Horses and Cattle: Cuts, Bruises, Collar Boils, Galls of all kinds, Spavins, both blood and bone, Sprains, Lateness, Calfs' Udder, Inflammation, and the healing of Sores and Wounds from any cause.

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As a Morning Appetizer, THEY HAVE NO RIVAL.
It is a daily proof in the blood. It is a daily corrector of all morbid changes in the blood. It perfects digestion, rendering it natural and easy. It banishes those clogs upon pleasure which produce gloom. It improves the appetite, and removes all disagreeable feeling after eating.
PRICE, ONE DOLLAR PER BOTTLE.

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Caldwell's Magnetic Chloroid,
An internal and external remedy.

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FOR BEAUTIFYING THE COMPLEXION!
REMOVING
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The Lily Balm will speedily remove the blemish, and impart softness, transparency, a rosy tinge and a pearl like lustre to the complexion. It contains no poison. It is the best and cheapest Toilet article ever offered to the public. Full directions on the label of each bottle. Price, 50 cents per bottle.
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Full directions are given on the wrapper to each box, how to use them as a Family Physic, and for the following complaints, which these PILLS rapidly cure:—
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